

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON 1, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 5.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xx, 28-38. Memory Verses, 31-34—Golden Text, Acts xx, 35—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.] 28. Feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.

After the uproar at Ephesus Paul went into Macedonia and abode three months in Greece, after which he started for Jerusalem, hoping to be there by the day of Pentecost (verse 16). Having come as far as Miletus, he sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus, that they might come to Miletus to meet him. Our lesson is part of his address to them; the whole address beginning at the eighteenth verse. He felt that these were the last words he would ever speak to them (verse 25), and he reminded them that in his ministry among them he had taught them all things, not only the essential and fundamental repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, but also the whole counsel of God (verses 21, 27).

29, 30. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock; also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.

It was Paul's delight to maintain himself by his own labor, that he might have to give to the needy things temporal and spiritual; but there were and always will be till the kingdom comes, those who, professing to be shepherds, not only do not feed the flock, but take good care to live upon the flock—wolves in sheep's clothing (Jer. xliii, 13-16; Matt. vii, 15; x, 16). No true servant of Christ ever seeks to draw people to himself; but, like John the Baptist, cries, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The Lord Jesus never sought any glory for himself, but always glorified the Father, and Love seeketh not her own, is never selfish. Both from without and from within the church the adversary works, but the Love that gave Himself for us shall finally conquer.

31, 32. And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

Our Lord's own command was, "Take ye heed, watch and pray" (Mark xiii, 33-37; xiv, 38), and because of our adversary, the devil, who is always seeking to devour, we need the whole armor of God (I Pet. v, 8, 9; Eph. vi, 11-13). It is by the grace of God, made known to us in the word of God, that we are saved (Rom. iii, 24; Jas. i, 18), and the same word causes us to grow in grace (I Pet. ii, 2; I Pet. iii, 18). This verse speaks of those who are sanctified. See also on this I Cor. vi, 11; Heb. x, 14, then note in John xvii, 17, that he was by the word of God sanctified in the daily life. Any seeming discrepancy in the truths that we are sanctified and perfected forever, yet being sanctified and not yet perfect, is easily understood if we distinguish between what we are in Christ before God by virtue of His great sacrifice and what we are in our daily life here before men (I John iii, 1, 2).

33-35. I have shewed you in all things how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus; how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

By practice as well as by precept Paul had taught them that he was not seeking theirs, but theirs; that he wanted nothing from them, but that he had something to give them. So when other teachers came seeking their goods and not their souls they could say, "That is not like Paul, for he never sought anything for himself, but ever taught us of the love of God in Christ, and by the love of Christ he constrained us to give without asking us to" (II Cor. v, 14). Paul realized what he taught, that, though seeming to have nothing, he yet possessed all things, and, though poor, he could make many rich (II Cor. vi, 10). Perhaps in no epistle do we find the riches of the grace of God so fully set forth as in the epistle to the Ephesians, and if we only believed God and that others might be just as rich simply for the taking we could not but speak what we have seen and heard (Acts iv, 20).

36. And when he had thus spoken he kneeled down and prayed with them all.

In chapter xxi, 5, we find that at another place they knelt down on the shore and prayed. Paul was certainly a man of prayer, and if we understood the privilege of access to God that is included in prayer we could not but be people of prayer. While kneeling is the position here mentioned, we find in I Kings viii, 22, that Solomon stood with his hands spread forth toward heaven, and we find in the agony in Gethsemane that Jesus both knelt and stood on his face. The position of the body is secondary, but that the soul takes hold of God, that is everything (Isa. lxiv, 7; Ps. lvi, 2; lxi, 5).

37, 38. And they all wept sore and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more.

In this world of changes and separations when the best of friends and the dearest of our loved ones are often called away from us there is comfort in such words as "Thou, O Lord, remainest forever" (Lam. v, 19; Heb. i, 11). He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii, 5; Deut. xxxi, 8). While Paul had to leave them, the Lord Jesus would abide, and His Holy Spirit and His word, and all that they had received was from Him, by His Spirit through His word. It is our privilege to walk with God, but we are so weak that we are prone to walk by sight and rejoice greatly in some human helper, some strong arm of man to lean on.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART ONE.

(Being a reprint from the reminiscences of John H. Watson, M. D., late of the army medical department.)

Lestrade, lean and ferretlike as ever, was standing by the doorway and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clow?" said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and kneeling down examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all around.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then of course this blood belongs to a second individual, presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen in Utrecht in the year '34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up, you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes were the same faraway expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally he sniffed the dead man's lips and then glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him, a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here!" he cried. "It's a woman's wedding ring."

He held it out as he spoke upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered around him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud of London; gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid; gold ring, with Masonic device; gold pin, bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes; Russian leather cardcase, with cards of Enoch J. Drebbler of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen; no purse, but loose money to the extent of £7 13s.; pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly leaf; two letters, one addressed to E. J. Drebbler and one to Joseph Stangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand, to be left till called for. They are both from the Union Steamship company and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once, sir," said Gregson.

"I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson."

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and self-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance and one which would have been

overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

"The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate. "Now stand there."

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that," he said triumphantly.

"I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering. Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood red letters a single word, 'Rache!'"

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantelpiece. It was lit at the time, and if it was lit this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson in a deprecatory voice.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you will find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon," said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find this out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round magnifying glass from his pocket. With these implements he trotted noiselessly about the room, sometimes stopping, occasionally kneeling and once lying flat upon his face. So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles and little cries suggestive of encouragement and of hope. As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure blooded, well trained foxhound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent. For 20 minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible manner. In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness. This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced his tape and his glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked, with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt. They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end.

"What do you think of it, sir?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for any one to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

Lestrade glanced at his notebook.

"John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley court, Kennington Park Gate."

Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, doctor," he said. "We shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than 6 feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square toed boots and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off foreleg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the finger nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson glanced at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes curtly and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning around at the door. "Rache! is the German for 'revenge,' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Partisan shot he walked away, leaving the two rivals open mouthed behind him.

CHAPTER IV.

It was 1 o'clock when we left 3 Lauriston Gardens. Sherlock Holmes led me to the nearest telegraph office, whence he dispatched a long telegram. He then hailed a cab and ordered the driver to take us to the address given us by Lestrade.

"There is nothing like first hand evidence," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, my mind is entirely made up on the case, but still we may as well learn all that is to be learned."

"You amaze me, Holmes," said I. "Surely you are not as sure as you pretend to be of all those particulars which you gave?"

"There's no room for a mistake," he answered. "The very first thing which I observed on arriving there was that a cab had made two rats with its wheels close to the curb. Now up to last night we had no rain for a week, so that those wheels, which left such a deep impression, must have been there during the night. There were the marks of the horse's hoofs, too, the outline of one of which was far more clearly cut than that of the other three, showing that this was a new shoe. Since the cab was there after the rain began and was not there at any time during the morning—I have Gregson's word for that—it follows that it must have been there during the night, and, therefore, that it brought those two individuals to the house."

"That seems simple enough," said I; "but how about the other man's height?"

"Why, the height of a man in nine cases out of ten can be told from the length of his stride. It is a simple calculation enough, though there is no use my boring you with figures. I had this fellow's stride both on the clay outside and on the dust within. Then I had a way of checking my calculation. When a man writes on a wall, his instinct leads him to write about the level of his own eyes. Now that writing was just over six feet from the ground. It was child's play."

"And his age?" I asked.

"Well, if a man can stride 4½ feet without the slightest effort, he can't be quite in the sere and yellow. That was the breadth of a puddle on the garden walk which he had evidently walked across. Patent leather boots had gone around, and square toes had hopped over. There is no mystery about it at all. I am simply applying to ordinary life a few of those precepts of observation and deduction which I advocated in that article. Is there anything else that puzzles you?"

"The finger nails and the Trichinopoly," I suggested.

"The writing on the wall was done with a man's forefinger dipped in blood. My glass allowed me to observe that the plaster was slightly scratched in doing it, which would not have been the case if the man's nail had been trimmed. I gathered up some scattered ash from the floor. It was dark in color and flaky, such an ash as is only made by a Trichinopoly. I have made a study of cigar ashes—in fact, I have written a monograph upon the subject. I flatter myself that I can distinguish at a glance the ash of any known brand either of cigar or of tobacco. It is just in such details that the skilled detective differs from the Gregson and Lestrade type."

"And the florid face?" I asked.

"Ah, that was a more daring shot, though I have no doubt that I was right. You must not ask me that at the present state of the affair."

I passed my hand over my brow. "My head is in a whirl," I remarked. "The more one thinks of it the more mysterious it grows. How came these two men—if there were two men—into an empty house? What has become of the cabman who drove them? How could one man compel another to take poison? Where did the blood come from? What was the object of the murderer, since robbery had no part in it? How came the woman's ring there? Above all, why should the second man write up the German word 'Rache' before decamping? I confess I cannot see any possible way of reconciling all these facts."

My companion smiled approvingly.

"You sum up the difficulties of the situation succinctly and well," he said.

"There is much that is still obscure, though I have quite made up my mind on the main facts. As to poor Lestrade's discovery, it was simply a blind intended to put the police upon a wrong track by suggesting socialism and secret societies. It was not done by a German. The 'a' if you noticed, was printed somewhat after the German fashion. Now, a real German invariably prints in the Latin character, so that we may safely say that this was not written by one, but by a clumsy imitator, who overdid his part. It was simply a ruse to divert inquiry into a wrong channel. I'm not going to tell you much more of the case, doctor. You know a conjurer gets no credit when once he has explained his trick, and if I show you too much of my method of working you will come to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary individual, after all."

"I shall never do that," I answered. "You have brought detection as near an exact science as it will ever be brought in this world."

My companion flushed up with pleasure at my words and the earnest way in which I uttered them. I had already observed that he was sensitive to flattery on the score of his art as any girl could be of her beauty.

"I'll tell you one other thing," he said. "Patent leathers and square toes came in the same cab, and they walked down the pathway together as friendly as possible—arm in arm in all probability. When they got inside, they walked up and down the room, or rather patent leathers stood still while square toes walked up and down. I could read that in the dust, and I could read that, as he walked, he grew more and more excited. That is shown by the increased length of his strides. He was talking all the while and working himself up, no doubt, into a fury. Then the tragedy occurred. I've told you all I know myself now, for the rest is mere surmise

and conjecture. We have a good working basis, however, on which to start. We must hurry up, for I want to go to Halle's concert to hear Norman Neruda this afternoon."

This conversation had occurred while our cab had been threading its way through a long succession of dingy streets and dreary byways. In the dingiest and dreariest of them our driver suddenly came to a stand. "That's Audley court in there," he said, pointing to a narrow slit in the line of dead colored brick. "You'll find me here when you come back."

Audley court was not an attractive locality. The narrow passage led us into a quadrangle paved with flags and lined by sordid dwellings. We picked our way among groups of dirty children and through lines of discolored linen until we came to 46, the door of which was decorated with a small slip of brass, on which the name Rance was engraved. On inquiry we found that the constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlor to await his coming.

He appeared presently, looking a little irritated at being disturbed in his slumbers. "I made my report at the office," he said.

Holmes took a half sovereign from his pocket and played with it pensively. "We thought that we should like to hear it all from your own lips," he said. "I shall be most happy to tell you anything I can," the constable answered, with his eyes upon the little golden disk.

"Just let us hear it all in your way, as it occurred."

Rance sat down on the horsehair sofa and knitted his brows, as though determined not to omit anything in his narrative.

"I'll tell it ye from the beginnin'," he said. "My time is from 10 at night to 6 in the mornin'. At 11 there was a fight at the White Hart; but, bar that, all was quiet enough on the beat. At 1 o'clock it began to rain, and I met Harry Murcher, him who has the Holland grove beat, and we stood together at the corner of Henrietta street a-talkin. Presently, maybe about 2 or a little after, I thought I would take a look around and see that all was right down the Brixton road. It was precious dirty and lonely. Not a soul did I meet all the way down, though a cab or two went past me. I was a-strollin' down, thinkin between ourselves how uncommon handy a four of hot gin would be, when suddenly a glint of a light caught my eye in that same house. Now I knew that them two houses in Lauriston gardens was empty on account of him that owns them, who won't have the drain sealed to, though the very last tenant that lived in one of them died o' typhoid fever. I was knocked all in a heap, therefore, at seeing a light in the window, and I suspected as somethin' was wrong. When I got to the door—"

"You stopped and then walked back to the garden gate," my companion interrupted. "What did you do that for?"

Rance gave a violent jump and stared at Sherlock Holmes, with the utmost amazement upon his features.

"Why, that's true, sir," he said, "though how you come to know it heaven only knows! Ye see, when I got to the door, it was so still and so lonesome that I thought I'd be none the worse for some one with me. I ain't afraid of anything on this side o' the grave, but I thought that maybe it was him that died o' the typhoid inpectin the drains what killed him. The thought gave me a kind o' turn, and I walked back to the gate to see if I could see Murcher's lantern, but there wasn't no sign of him nor of any one else."

"There was no one in the street?"

"Not a livin' soul, sir, nor so much as a dog. Then I pulled myself together and went back and pushed the door open. All was quiet inside, so I went into the room where the light was a-burnin. There was a candle flickerin on the mantelpiece, a wax one, and by its light I saw—"

"Yes, I know all that you saw. You walked around the room several times, and you knelt down by the body, and then you walked through and tried the kitchen door, and then—"

John Rance sprang to his feet with a frightened face and suspicion in his eyes. "Where was you hid to see all that?" he cried. "It seems to me that you knows a deal more than you should."

Holmes laughed and threw his card across the table to the constable. "Don't get arresting me for the murder," he said. "I am one of the hounds and not the wolf. Mr. Gregson or Mr. Lestrade will answer for that. Go on, though. What did you do next?"

Rance resumed his seat, without, however, losing his mystified expression. "I went back to the gate and sounded my whistle. That brought Murcher and two more to the spot."

"Was the street empty then?"

"Well, it was, as far as anybody that could be of any good goes."

"What do you mean?"

The constable's features broadened into a grin. "I've seen many a drunk chap in my time," he said, "but never any one so cryn drunk as that cove. He was at the gate when I came out a-leanin' up agin the railin's and a-singin at the pitch of his lungs about Columbine's new fangled banner or some such stuff. He couldn't stand, far less help."

"What sort of a man was he?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

John Rance appeared to be somewhat irritated at this digression. "He was an uncommon drunk sort o' man," he said. "He'd ha' found himself in the station if we hadn't been so took up."

"His face, his dress. Didn't you notice them?" Holmes broke in impatiently.

"I should think I did notice them, seeing that I had to prop him up, me and Murcher between us. He was a long chap, with a red face, the lower part muffled round—"

"That will do!" cried Holmes.

"What became of him?"

"We'd enough to do without lookin after him," the policeman said in an aggrieved voice. "I'll wager he found his way home all right."

"How was he dressed?"

"A brown overcoat."

"Had he a whip in his hand?"

"A whip—no."

"He must have left it behind," muttered my companion. "You didn't happen to see or hear a cab after that?"

"No."

"There's a half sovereign for you," my companion said, standing up and taking his hat. "I am afraid, Rance, that you will never rise in the force. That head of yours should be for use as well as ornament. You might have gained your sergeant's stripes last night. The man whom you held in your hands is the man who holds the clow of this mystery and whom we are seeking. There is no use of arguing about it now. I tell you that it is so. Come along, doctor."

We started off for the cab together, leaving our informant incredulous, but obviously uncomfortable.

"The blundering fool!" Holmes said bitterly as we drove back to our lodgings. "Just to think of his having such an incomparable bit of good luck and not taking advantage of it."

"I am rather in the dark still. It is true that the description of this man tallies with your idea of the second party in this mystery. But why should he come back to the house after leaving it? That is not the way of criminals."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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